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OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 4, 1897 NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

Reading Room Divinity School

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My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard; think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

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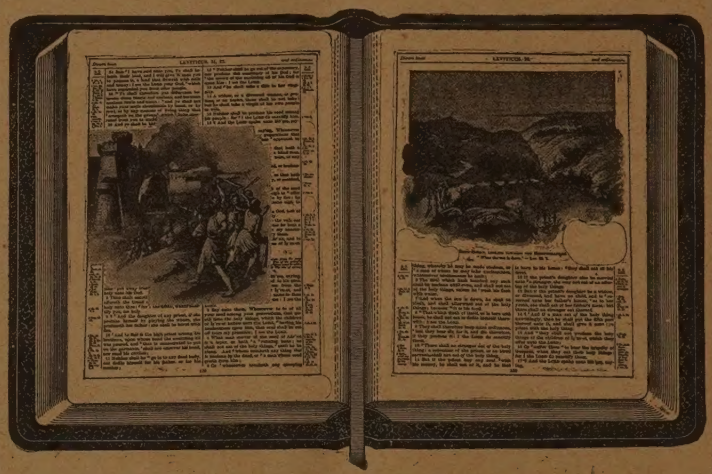

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 15, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22. 20. 4.

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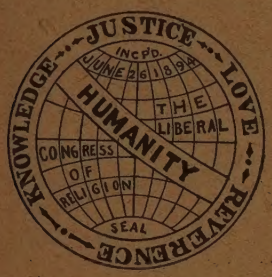
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1897. NUMBER 36



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

PAUL.

How about the "corn fields" that belong to the other readers of THE NEW UNITY? This is the way it looks to an "Illinois Granger:" "My corn is yielding better than I expected, so I gladly chip in a "five" to start on a missionary tour some of those admirable papers read at Nashville. I hope Professor Dolbear's will be given in full, as I did not take it in fully at the time delivered."

In the death of Justin Winsor, Harvard College has not only lost its great librarian but the country has lost a noble scholar and one who has wrought mightily for the culture of America. We suspect that from him has emanated much of the impulse and many of the methods that have multiplied public libraries and made them efficient in this country. Mr. Winsor also carried co-operation into new fields, taught scholars how to combine their learning and thus yield a product higher than could possibly have been secured by their working singly. His Memorial History of Boston, his Narrative and Critical History of America are magnificent evidences of what co-operation can accomplish in the higher fields of thought and learning.

The *Christian Register* in its last week's editorial on the Liberal Congress wants it "to do something." So do we. It says: "We must put our strength on some work that is immediately practicable." That is just what the *Christian Register* was afraid of a year or so ago. It favored the Congress if it would not try to do anything—even the publication of a tract or the sending of a voice to a country cross-road to speak a message of love and breadth seemed to some friends of the Congress as doing too much. Perhaps, on closer analysis, it will be discovered that the Congress is "laying hold of the near end." Talk must, and does, precede action. The tongue is the "near end" of much good religion. If we can talk together occasionally on high lines, it will lead the way to the doing together which we, with our contemporary, yearn for.

The daily papers report the acceptance of Rev. S. C. Southworth, of Duluth, Minn., of a call to the pastorate of the Third Unitarian Church in this city. Mr. Southworth comes to an inviting field. There is a great population on the West Side that is unchurched and probably unchurchable by any other method than the method of the widest hospitality of thought and the most generous sympathy with the struggling and the inquiring. It may be hard to interest them in the abstract disputes of the theologians but it will not be hard to interest them in the practical applications of religion.

One faithful lay brother, who had traveled far to attend the Nashville Congress and whose modesty would have concealed his presence from the officers had he not been discovered by accident, taking advantage of the gap in the railroad connection, sends this letter which awaited the return of the secretary to his desk: "I seize this idle hour to enclose you two dollars to help you out in printing those invaluable papers presented to the Nashville Congress. Was it not grand and inspiring from first to last. That thought of Mr. Mills that perhaps some day music will do the work of the world; that beautiful poem read by Mr. Cola destined to be one of the gems of poetry. I hope to meet you again at Omaha. I want to try to work in some way for liberal religion. Help me and do not forget me."

It is well that Professor Hunt, of Princeton, should appear in the *Independent* of last week in an article entitled "The Other Side of College Life." In this he argues well for the good that colleges do, and the thought and truth-seeking side of our great universities. This comes timely, just when the world is scandalized by the discovery that even pious

Princeton has justified the miserable business of liquor-selling, and, what to all intents and purposes is a saloon, without bar indeed, but with plenty of bottled goods, beer, whisky, etc., is run in Princeton, situated, as we understand it, on or near the college campus and with the consent of some members of the college management.

To our mind there is no palliating circumstance nor legitimate excuse for this. The *Independent* before us contains the news of a young man, twenty-seven years of age, of noted ancestry, "requiring the care of a guardian and being committed to an institution" as an habitual drunkard, whose downfall dates from his college habits formed when only fourteen years of age. No, beer and whiskey are not necessary to brain, as the overwhelming experience of the competent to-day demonstrates. Shame on Princeton! and alas for the go-easy philosophy of life that smiles at these lapses. We would not return to the old severities. We would not undertake to legislate a conscience on these matters. Students and professors must decide for themselves whether it is beer, coffee, milk, or water. But institutions of learning must not make friends with the traffic that is fraught with such dangers.

Is the seat of empire surely shifting from the male to the female sex? Does the decadence of the sword mean also the retirement of man and the advancement of her who has from time immemorial represented the sympathies, the disinterested elements of life? It would seem in Chicago that even the streets must go dirty until a woman is fonnd to manage the sweeping. There is something startling in the first announcement of a woman at the head of the street-cleaning department in the heart of our dirty city, but what could be more natural and fitting? Has the broom not always been her weapon, offensive and defensive, and the street is but an extension of her own door-step. All hail, Mrs. A. E. Paul, chief of the broom-brigade! This is house-keeping that is worth while, home-making indeed. Let all who will not help get out of the way while she sweeps.

Two years ago the editor of this paper tried to secure the appointment of a commission by the American Humane Society to accumulate statistics bearing upon the accidents, fatal and otherwise, that result from the college and high-school football games. The motion was defeated by a small majority. Meanwhile the game has gone on with increasing intensity, carrying with it not only the enthusiasm of the immature boys and girls of our schools, the local pride and rivalry, which is so easily fanned in hearts not touched with broader inspiration, but receiving also the enthusiastic approval of many professors and presidents who have assumed the great responsibilities of shaping the lives of the young on high lines. Recently a professor of a theological department of a great university gave the "send-off" to the college team with a speech that would practically be interpreted by the enthusiastic young men trained to the modern arena scarcely other than, "Boys, play fair. Of course you will, but *win at all hazards!*" Last Saturday the great Illinois contest was described as being "the most noisy event that had ever been heard in the town." Throughout the two hours it was compared to a Comanche battle-field; fifty megaphones tore the air almost continually, and at night there was not a voice to be heard upon the streets of the town. Everyone had yelled himself hoarse. This is but a typical case and only preliminary to the sequel. Summed up by the Chicago *Tribune* thus far, the first week from September 17-25:

> The list included four general slugging matches, two sprained legs, one ear injured, one eye injured, two shoulders sprained, one hand sprained, ten knees sprained, one toe broken, ten ankles sprained, one shoulder fractured, ten collar-bones broken, one leg broken, one ankle broken, one man fearfully kicked in the abdomen, one side sprained, one man kicked on the head, sixteen players miscellaneously injured, and one crippled for life.

The second week showed:

> One slugging match, one sprained knee, nine miscellaneously injured, one broken shoulder, one broken collarbone, one side sprained, one player in a critical condition from concussion of the brain, one player with the ligaments torn from the shoulder, and one broken nose.

The third week is summed up as follows:

> The list of casualties for the week ending to-day is smaller only because fewer games have been played, but it includes two general slugging matches, which broke up games, one arm broken, one shoulder broken, one sprained hand, one twisted knee, one eye badly gashed, one ankle broken, one man taken unconscious to a hospital and found to be seriously injured as the result of a scrimmage, one broken arm, and seven men of the University of Chicago team disabled in various ways.

In addition to this, this paper records a West Point student as lying delirious, critically ill from injuries received at West Piston, Pa. A West Superior boy lies in a critical condition. At Tyrone, Pa. Benjamin Rich was killed, and Andrew Hasche of Long Island, had his knee broken. The summary of the season this far is thus footed up:

> Killed, 2; probably fatally injured, 3; severely injured, 88. No record has been kept of those slightly injured.

And still preachers and professors go on lauding the "noble game that makes for manliness." Gentlemen, the time is coming when the football game in its *perfection*, not in its *abuse*, for there is an increasing element of brawn in its development, will be looked at as one other phase of the arena. It belongs to the gladiatorial show, and will become increasingly a reproach to institutions of learning, and to the religious men and institutions that give it sanction. Physical manliness, spiritual and muscular prowess are not so difficult to attain as to warrant this high price of rowdyism and brutality for the securing of the same.

Death's Revealings.

Recently two men of world-wide fame were smitten as by a bullet from a gun, and in the midst of life's press and noise passed into the silence. One of these was George M. Pulllman, master of $7,000,000 or more. In him native ability and persistency joined with exceptional opportunity brought the inevitable result. This $7,000,000 represented George N. Pullman with a tremendous plus. This plus includes the great phœnix of modern times, the measureless Chicago. It includes the developed resources of the Mississippi Valley. It includes that apocalyptic science that in fast succession has brought to the service of man the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone and the attendant widening of the home of man, which makes the million travelers where in the days of his boyhood there were not a thousand.

Death is a revealer. Through it we discover the motives, the inspirations and the deeper convictions of life. Of Mr. Pullman's estate $1,200,000 was left to enrich and further ennoble the industry he founded, the city he established, the skill that made him famous and made him rich. The Pullman Manual Training School is the legitimate right, the to-be-expected fruit of the great industrial planting at Pullman. In founding it the great manufacturer did his obvious duty, and for this unborn generations of workingmen's children will praise and bless him.

He gave $120,000 to twelve worthy institutions in Chicago, four of them hospitals, three asylums for children, all of them institutions curative rather than preventive, ameliorative rather than educative, institutions that are necessary and benignant, but still *institutions* rather than *movements* and forces that will pierce the darkness and let in the light. The remainder of this vast fortune went practically to his family. Over $4,000,000 will settle at last in the way of a heavy responsibility upon the shoulders of two loving daughters. May God help them to carry the heavy load wisely.

Inasmuch as it has become a matter of public interest and comment, let us take note of the fact for what of warning and instruction there may be in it, that of the two sons that were given him the father's heart had to confess that they proved wanting in the qualities necessary to control wealth, and so they must be left with an annuity. This testament, generous of the kind, has left religion, literature, art, in their direct applications, out of mind. These poor boys started out in life with presumably a commendable heritage; the blood of stalwart ancestors flows in their veins to-day. The humiliation and the calamity recorded in the dying father's will is presumably a post-natal misfortune.

Something was left out in their lives. They missed life's inspiration. God in His infinite mercy alone can place the responsibility and He alone will be just in His judgment. Let all others reverently keep silence. But surely the inspirations of art, the clarifying, elevating ideals of literature, the sanctifying touch of religion alone can prepare young shoulders for heavy burdens, young hearts for great opportunities, young minds for great responsibilities.

A few days after this shock to Chicago, New York was startled as Chicago was, and another great burden-bearer clasped his heart in agony and it ceased to beat. Henry George, the dreamer of dreams, the seer of visions, the idealist—make this list of adjectives long, and they have all been hurled at him as epithets of reproach; repeat them who will, but no one will impute to him to-day other than high motives. Through the cracks of his logic, if such there be, now the severest opponent is glad to recognize a loving spirit, an earnest heart. Behind his books, and towering above his 'schemes,' all see a man who felt his human relations and rejoiced in them; a man who recognized the fractional character of any man, inadequate, defeated when taken alone, but potent, magnificent, when taken in his settings as a part of the body politic, a strand in the fabric social, a factor in the corporate life of the race.

This is not the place to write of the single-tax theory. But that man has lived magnificently who has left deeply imbedded in the thinking and feeling of economists and moralists the single term, "Unearned Increment." If he had done nothing else, or if all the other teaching were vain, that one phrase contains within itself a redemptive gospel, a whole system of economics which must eventually bring cosmos out of chaos, and something like peace and harmony into the distractions of the industrial world. From the fortune of George M. Pullman down to the messenger boy's wages is contained an "unearned increment," a percentage which is theirs by grace and not by right, theirs by trust and not by ownership.

We know not what Henry George has left behind him, but we know he died fighting for an ideal; he fell on the battlefield, pierced to the heart leading the columns of reform. His bequest is intangible, as his message was imponderable. He at least had reduced the distractions of conscience to a simple problem, and that was the problem of making this life more tolerable to a larger number of the children of men. He waived questions of church and destiny except in so far as they became questions of society and of duty, and that is a religious solution of life's perplexities. Henry George is mourned by a million of men who stand at the forge, the lathe, and at the wheel, none the less mourned is he by those whose business it is to direct the forge man, the lathe man, and the wheel man.

The great capitalist more than once crossed swords with the great makers of capital, and accepted

as inevitable the antagonism of interests between employer and employee. The great thinker would fain reconcile the director and the directed, make mutual the interests of capitalists and capital makers. Future generations will vindicate the verdict of the past by seeing that the prophet is more precious to men than the man of deeds. Ideas are worth more than money.

The Liberal Congress of Religion.

The experimental period, common to all new organizations, has been safely, triumphantly, passed by the Liberal Congress of Religion. Its coming was not sporadic, not fortuitous, but a normal result of existing conditions in the evolution of the larger religious life that is everywhere seeking expression in these great years. The Liberal Congress of Religion came because it had a work to do; if faithful to its mission, it will remain till that work is done. The Liberal Congress of Religion is a thought, a voice, a spirit, a life going forth to prepare the way for the Church of the Future, the Church Universal, in which all the many sects and divisions shall find their places in the higher harmonies of the universals, of the true, the beautiful, and the good, in the life and work of a world.

Taking thus its high and yet humble place in, and seeking to lead the way in, the ever-becoming life of mankind, the Liberal Congress of Religion must, itself, be a growth. Like an apostle of old, it must say: "I count not, myself, to have attained, nor to be perfect, but I reach forward;" and to such a helpful and hopeful attitude it must more and more draw to its numbers all thoughtful minds and reverent souls.

The last and late annual meeting, at Nashville, Tenn., was, in the strength, breadth, and high quality of the work done, a worthy success, and in point of wide influence not less, but, in some respects, greater, than any in the past, for it was in a new field.

Religiously, the South is phenomenally conservative; the religious life of these warm-hearted people is largely emotional; its thought-side is that of the thinking of the past, and the teachers of religion seem not yet to be conscious of the fact that a new age of thought is not only coming, but is here, and that religion is finding its larger and surer place, its divine meaning, its deeper life, in the world of the real.

Hence, it should not be thought strange that the orthodox preachers of the South—and there are very few of the liberal school—should have arrayed themselves against the Liberal Congress of Religion, and denounced its leaders and teachers as infidels and atheists. We must suppose that these teachers of religion honestly believed that we had come with no less malignant purpose than to destroy the very foundations of everything that is true and sacred. They knew not what they did; knew not that the minds and hearts working in the Congress were seeking to make deeper and larger and surer those foundations, and to make better the thought and life of a world.

It was a singular coincidence that while these orthodox preachers of Nashville were denouncing the Liberal Congress of Religion as the most dangerous and destructive body of men and women that had ever come to the South, the orthodox preachers of Omaha were thinking of us as friends and helpers in every good cause, and had sent a delegate to invite the Congress to hold its next annual meeting in that city. But so it was, and we accepted the invitation.

This something called "heresy," "infidelity," is often a thing of time; the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of another, and it is often a question of place, of geography. The preachers of the South cannot much longer live in the thought of the past alone; they must wake up to the new day; they no longer represent the thinkers of the South, and will more and more find their hold upon them is growing less and less, and soon will be lost.

Much as the Liberal Congress of Religion has done, it should do vastly more; high as has been the quality of its work, it should be higher. Each annual meeting should in some way be a positive contribution to the thought and heart-power of our wonderful age; and there should not be wanting the means to publish and send forth to the millions these divine utterances, outpourings of illumined souls. It is none too soon to begin now to plan and work for the next meeting. Each one should be greater than any of the past. So great should be these great occasions that people from all parts of the country will gladly come, and that the world will feel their power. H. W. T.

What I Would Do if I Were Twenty Again.—Part VI.

X. And now, lastly, I would learn to live consciously the immortal life. "If a man is at heart just," says Emerson, "then, in so far is he God. The safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice." I have said before that every mean or unworthy action costs some of our life. And it is also true that all noble conduct enlarges our life—causes us to "have life more abundantly," as Jesus says.

When the immortal life is spoken of, most persons think at once of an existence somewhere else, after death. And they think of the life there as a life of goodness and purity, free from envy and hate and selfishness of every sort. Now, can you tell me what other kind of a life is good for *this* world? And can you tell me why the person who does his

best to live this kind of a life here is not living the immortal life? Is the immortal life asleep somewhere, waiting for us to die before it takes possession of us? No! *Now* is the life eternal, and we want to learn to say, not, "I have an immortal soul," but, "*I am an immortal soul.*"

And oh! how that will help us to distinguish between the essentials and the non-essentials, of which we talked a while ago! From your newly-realized dignity you can easily spare so many things that seemed necessary before. And when you feel your life projecting from the now into eternity, and persistently regard death as just the horizon-line—the limit of present-life vision, but nothing final or revolutionary or terrible—you will realize the bearing and the importance of all present action upon all future life. You will learn that, "howsoe'er it seem, no good thing can be failure, and no evil thing success." You will realize the safety and the immortality of God in all just actions, and that

> "If I be ruled in otherwise,
> My lot is cast with all that dies;
> With things that harm and things that hate
> And roam by night and miss the g te."

A dreadful thing for any soul; and a thing that begins to happen whenever we let justice and purity go of. It must be so. For when we do violence to the right, we are lifting our hand against the universe; and can that be safe? We are canceling our title to the life everlasting; for how does the universe need such a tenant? The majesty of the universe is against us; what is our hope?

But if one lives the just life, what can bring failure or despair? Not poverty. Some of the most triumphant lives that have ever been lived were, and are, voluntarily given to poverty. There was felt to be no time for seeking such trivial things as money. What mean and common men can obtain that!

Not obscurity. What can the number of people looking on have to do with our proper work? Are we eye-servants? And as for fame hereafter, Marcus Aurelius justly observes that for a man to be concerned lest posterity may not commend him, is almost as absurd as to be disturbed because he was not commended by the generations that lived before him. But the commendation of his own conscience is the one thing both contemporaneous and needful. And when he does think of future generations, of this much he may be sure: that

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Sickness cannot make one's life a failure. Read Thomas Arnold's tribute to his sister in her "daily martyrdom of twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about making a doll's cap for a child—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's; inheriting the earth to the very fullness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture." Learn about Sallie Ellis and the Post-office mission, and believe that where there is a will there is a way to do our part. Though it may not be the part we would have chosen, it may still be "the better part," if we make it so. If there is nothing else that can be done, there is the patient bearing of the situation; and this is itself service to God and a ministry to others, and self-preparation for what awaits beyond that horizon-line.

Nothing that others can do has power to make your life a failure. If the bodily life were all, this would not be true. But if you are a Soul, no man can lay his hand on you. Nothing can happen to you but that to which you yourself consent. So Plato tells us to fear nothing in the universe except to do a wrong act, and declares that it is always better to suffer an injustice than to do unjustly. And, if we think of ourselves as souls living the eternal life now, it becomes clear as day that this is true. If the proper aim of humanity were to protect and promote the physical life at any cost, what force would be working for the evolution of the spiritual?

And this brings us to say that not death can make our lives a failure. We all die sooner or later (a blessed fact that brings endless vistas of benefit beyond the power of this little planet to bestow!) And whether sooner or later does not matter so much as the *how*, soon or late. The world adores the heroes and martyrs who spent, or, if need be, flung away their lives at the call of duty. In our cowardly moments we may think "a living dog is better than a dead lion;" but the world, even the worst part of it, has a fashion of crowning the dead lion and spurning the living dog.

This is the world's unconscious recognition of man's call to live the immortal life of justice and of valor now and here. This is the world's testimony that

> "'T is man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die,"

the world's faith that

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Young man, young woman, the great poets and the sages and the highest self in common men speak not for admiration: they are seers, and what they see they impartially report. If I were twenty again I would listen more devoutly to them, and to the voice of my own soul. . . . . If I were twenty again!

C. J. B. C.

How It Seemed to Some.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

The Liberal Congress of Religion, which has had a history extending through three years, with headquarters in Chicago, is a peculiarly conglomerate mass, made up of Jews and Unitarians, Congregationalists and others who are recognized as "off color," religiously; and if we were to judge by the list of officers and the board of directors, we might imagine it a pretty large body. But it strikes us that it is a little like a French shop, having placed most of its goods in the front window. The president is the noted errorist, Hiram W. Thomas, D.D.; the general secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, one of the most radical and extreme antagonists of evangelical Christianity, and among its vice-presidents are Minot J. Savage, D.D.—extreme Unitarian—and Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, Ph.D., progressive Jew. Among the directors we notice the names of Dr. Paul Carus, Philip S. Moxom, E. L. Rexford, and David Starr Jordan. It is proposed to hold "a liberal congress of religions" at Nashville, Tenn., this week, October 19-24, when Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., of Columbus, O.; Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D.D., of Springfield, Mass.; Virchand Ghandi, of Bombay; Jehanghier D. Cola, of Bombay; Emin L. Nobokoff, Mohammedan, and a long list of others, are to make addresses. We do not discover the name of a single Baptist in the whole list, and we have unusual occasion for rejoicing that none is found in such association; though we are sorry to see that one or two are quoted as sending "regrets" and excusing their absence because of other engagements. It is fitting that such a congress should meet in a building patterned after the Parthenon of heathenism; that a statue of Minerva should adorn the building, and that Egyptian porticos, columns, and decorations should mark the entrance into what might be called "Egyptian darkness," the result of effort to get away from the doctrines of sin, grace, redemption, and eternal blessedness, as taught in the Bible.—*Cincinnati Messenger* (*Baptist*).

Such meetings as that held in Nashville have great worth in breaking down the walls of sectarian prejudice. They might be held with advantage in many parts of the country. Every denomination has its broad-minded men, who wish to clasp hands across sectarian barriers.

It occurs to us, however, that in this work of encouraging the fraternal spirit we must remember the principle suggested by a notable discourse of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones on "Religion from the Near End!" We must take hold of religious fellowship from the near end. We must unite heartily with those who are nearest us. We must put our strength on some work that is immediately practicable. When we have accomplished this, we shall be ready for the next step. Even so good a cause as that of universal religion cannot be "boomed"; it must grow naturally out of what is local and personal. Before there can be any effective federation, there must be something to federate. A great deal of preliminary work must be done before there can be any larger degree of union.

—*Christian Register* (*Unitarian.*)

Notes by an Observer.

"It is happiness," says Gannett, "to have some one glad you are alive." By means of the Congress not a few "lonely souls" in Nashville were made "glad." They came, and heard, and went away, let us hope, wiser, happier, better men and women. Several thousand liberal religious papers were distributed; during the next month several hundred copies of NEW UNITY, containing proceedings of Congress, will go into as many homes. Who can tell the far-reaching effects of a new thought? "Thought once awakened does not again slumber."

In Nashville, as elsewhere, many thoughtful people are churchless. They no longer think the old thoughts; they possess not the old-time beliefs which gave their fathers peace. One man has been to all the churches in Nashville and Louisville and has failed to find a God worthy his best thought and reverence.

In 1828 an act was passed by the English Parliament abolishing forever the burning of human beings. The Deity that some men worship has, as yet — 1897 — passed no such act. According to Dr. J. B. Hartshorn, of Nashville, Tenn.:—

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fou o' lowin' brumstane,
Wha's ragin' flame and scorchin' heat
Wad melt the hardest whunstane

exists somewhere — we know not where — for those who "are given over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind;" those who wander in "gross darkness, and have passed the boundary of hope." We believe the learned divine to be mistaken. What the good doctor imagines to be a noise from the "bottomless pit," is, we think —

But some neebour snorin'
Asleep that day.

The truth is, the theologian knows as little of the hereafter as the "poor barbarian weeping above his dead." And the "tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other." All man can do is to trust the larger and divine Hope. What man knows is little. What he hopes for is a good deal. God knows we are sad and weary enough here. Let no one bearing the Christian name render existence an unbearable curse by assuring us there is a worse to come. Let us hope that good shall fall.

At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

There love will light no hell fires; but shall wipe away all tears from the eyes, and banish all sorrow from the heart.

. . . . . .

The Fourth Annual Congress of Liberal Religion has gone on record as the first of its kind ever held in the South. Twenty-five years hence the Nashville clergy will probably hold a Liberal Congress of their own. To-day we forgive them, for "they know not what they do." To-morrow they will do better. By invitation the Liberal Congress will meet next year at Omaha. Already we look forward with eager expectation. We believe in the congress. "*There is an inevitableness in its mission.*" Its aim is the true one,—"to bring into life a saner and sweeter spirit, advocate in season and out of season the great fraternal law." If the Liberal Congress "should happen to die, another will arise and the great work of religious fraternization will go on."

Long live the Liberal Congress!

Final Harmony.

Give it the soul's irrevocable "no,"
The tale they bring us of a heedless God,
Immersed in motion, careless how the race
May drag its lingering heart-ache on through space.

What? shall the sustainer of the universe,
Reality and all-embracing cause,
Vibrating through each shape that lives and loves,
Feel no faint consequence, save that He *moves?*

Ah, when we stand with knowledge face to face,
In some far, unimaginable hour,
Draw in full draughts of tingling power to be,
Drink of that stream that floats mortality,

Then let the fire of spirit flame into praise,
Singing how, even in dim, past, cruel days,
Descending into us, inexorably,
God, then—even then—shaped us for Harmony.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

The Nashville Congress.

Brothers and sisters in the great family of man, little children in the household of our Father, fellow-seekers after light, fellow-workers for the right, fellow-worshipers at that universal shrine whereon brood the eternal sanctities that are revealed through Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION, STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MINNIE BURROUGHS.

The Things That Remain.

AN ADDRESS BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS, OF BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. Chairman, Friends:—I suppose that very few of us here would say that we believed that we had discovered the ultimate religion. If we had any creed it would commence with the statement that we believed in the divine revelation of progress, and to believe in advancement from the past and in the present as a time of progress, is to believe also that the future shall be governed by the same principle, and that we shall never come to a time when we shall have perfectly fulfilled our ideal. There are some things, however, certain, than which we can conceive nothing better, but we must concede—at least I can imagine it being so conceded—that when we come to realize that which to-day seems to us the best, there shall be something better beyond, with which the mind of man would not be able to content itself now. We have changed all of our definitions. We look back and smile at the wisest scientist that lived a generation ago, even some of them ten years ago. We would not dare to give definitions that were in the books when most of us went to school, concerning almost any of the great departments of physical science.

The morals of the world are continually changing and I doubt very much whether a man will ever get his brain as well as his heart right until he realizes that the moral standard of the world is an advanced standard, and what was right yesterday is not right to-day, and that what is right to-day may not be right for to-morrow. I should doubt, for instance, whether there was ever a more conscientious man than Abraham, and yet we are told that his conscience bade him kill his own son. We have instances of people in the Bible who practised what to-day we would call the grossest debauchery, who, however, were animated by the highest standard that they knew. There was a time when we held slaves. And at this point we might almost ask the question, as to whether anything abides, as to whether there is any moral standard concerning which we could say, this shall be ultimate and never pass away; and yet there are some things concerning which we could have little question. It is true, what was right for our ancestors is wrong for us, and what is right for us may be wrong for those who come after us, and in all probability our descendants will look at us very much as we look at the ancient animals, the skeletons of which we find in the rocks.

So, when I speak of the permanent things of the Spirit, I speak with some hesitation, possibly with some condition, and yet with this consciousness, that so far as the mind of man has been developed, and so far as man has a conscience that will abide, there are some things that have always been and always will be. And what are they? Like all the good things, they are very simple. You will remember, a great many years ago one of the greatest men said: "Now abideth these three, faith, hope, love." And some of us wonder, if he were living to-day whether he would be able to say that faith, hope, and love still remain upon the earth.

Faith? This is an age of doubt. It is a time when we almost doubt our own existence. I saw the other day in a paper an account of some high and mighty philosopher, speaking for some philosophical society, who was trying to persuade people that they were chickens, that if they could only believe they were chickens, they would be chickens that whatever they thought they were, that thing they were. So we have come to doubt our own existence in this age of speculation. It is an age of doubt.

And hope? It is an age of pessimisms. It is a time when the air is fairly groaning with the prognostications of the evils that are about to come upon all the peoples of the earth.

Love? We live in a time of strife, of wars and rumors of wars, when all civilized society, at least, seems to be dividing itself into two great armies in battle array: those who have and those who have not.

Is there any one man at the close of the nineteenth century who would dare to say that faith, hope, and love are characteristic of this age? I believe they are. I believe this is a profoundly religious age. I believe it is the broadest age, the highest and deepest age the world has ever known. I believe it is infinitely better than anything gone before it, and only to be criticised in the light of the larger vision of the more glorious future; infinitely more of faith and hope, vastly more of love manifested in the world to-day than in any time since the world began to be.

What then do we mean by faith? When I speak of faith I mean three things, or perhaps we could make them only two. Faith in God. Now, I am not at all concerned as to a man's definition of God. It has been said that "God must be at least as great and as good as our best thought of him," and if that be true, if the best thought we can think of God be to conceive of him as one, then I would conceive of Him as one; if it be to think of Him as a person, then I would think of Him as a person; if it be showing Him in a thousand manifestations, then I would give myself to that, if it were only to believe in Him as an influence. It came to me last night—the words of the old Westminister confession, which would perhaps satisfy my own conception—"God is a Spirit," a Spirit. God is a spirit. God is the spirit of progress. God is *the* spirit.

And after it you may put anything that men have ever called good, but the great thing is not to define God, but to believe God, to believe that God is good. Now, of this sort of faith, that God is what He ought to be, I think there is a million times more in the world than when I was a boy. You remember that John Stuart Mill said that if he had to go to hell because he could not believe in a God who violated every sense of human justice, then to hell he would go. There was vastly more faith in the expression than there would have been if he had said "I believe in God," and repeated the

words of any creed. It is this jealousy for the character of God that makes the seeming unbelief of to-day. I believe with Tennyson that "there lies more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds," and the very doubt is an evidence, an expression of faith, for the larger part as we see it manifested to-day. Faith in God is faith that God is what God ought to be. There may be less faith in God's personality. There may be less faith in this or that statement of His mode of existence, but concerning the faith that there is a Spirit, a Spirit of Love, a Spirit of Right, a Spirit of Knowledge, a Spirit of Development, that is what it ought to be, there is vastly more to-day than on any other day that ever dawned upon this world before.

A faith in man—and here we may divide our thought into the faith in man and the faith in men. Faith in man. There have been great minds in all the ages that have seen something of the unity of humanity, but they have been rare men, standing on some great mountain peak, who overlooked the future. They could not make their fellows even comprehend what they had in mind when they spoke of the unity of the race, or family of God represented in men upon this earth. It has now become a great world thought. As Mazzini says, the great thought of the Christian era is the value of the individual. And woe would it be to the world if it should ever lose that great emphasis on the value of one man—one soul worth more than the whole material universe. This thought has elevated woman and struck the shackles from the slave, found most perfect expression in the political forms of the close of the last century, "the declaration of the rights of man," and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But that was not all. There is a higher thought than this, and that is the idea of association which breeds not the claim of rights, but the conception of duty. Just as soon as man realizes that human society is not like the scattered sands upon the shore, but a living, breathing organism, in which the hand may not say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," then have we learned the first lesson of morality that has in it the elements of permanence. This is the day of the birth of the social consciousness, in which the whole world is quivering with the great conception of the one family of God upon the earth.

And we have greater faith in man. There is mightier confidence to be found concerning the individual than you can find in all the ancient days. We are coming to unqualifiedly believe in the individual, and to hope that the very last one shall arrive where the highest is and then shall go beyond him.

If I were to name a third form of faith it would be this: A confidence in the Divine order of things, which must be the secret of peace and the secret of power.

An old lady who lived a beautiful life amid perplexities and distresses was asked by her friends why she could always be content, always wear a smiling face, and she replied: "I never take my housekeeping to bed with me, and when I lie down at night, and when I am busy through the day, I have confidence that at the heart of the universe there is a great Heart that feels kindly toward me." It is the confidence in the divine order, that all things are right. I heard a preacher the other day say to a lady that the object of preaching was to turn the good into evil. In other words, to give us larger conceptions, so that which was our good becomes a thing to be left behind in our appropriation of the greater good. To-day there is coming an absolute faith for everything. Hear the scientist telling us that there is life in a stone! We find immortality in everything, and I can hardly think a greater or better thought than that. I ran across a little poem which some of you may have seen. I think I can recall it. It runs like this;

"There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Believes in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
'Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,'
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath fields of winter snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief.
And day by day, and night by night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny
God knoweth why."

We have come to the place where we have to choose between absolute faith and absolute negation, and the world is choosing the faith to believe that all things are good.

The hour will dawn when we will see that the infidel is not the man who denies the existence of an eternal and immoral hell, but the infidel is the man who can believe that there is permanent evil anywhere in the universe.

Hope! Hope! That is a little word which contains many volumes of philosophy in four letters. Lammenais says "Discouragement is disenchanted egotism."

If a man is undertaking a selfish warfare, the only way by which he can be led to victory will probably be the path of defeat. But if a man is simply part of a great, glorious purpose; if he gives himself with hearty co-operation to the best which he sees, so far as vision will extend, then shall the man go from victory to victory, from strength to strength, and from glory unto glory. If a man cares not for himself, except that with all his will he merges himself in the common good, then can he be confident that the glory of his progress shall never cease. Hope! Hope! Why is it that so many of us seem to think that all the advancement of the world has been, and not that it shall be? We are babes as yet, very little children, just learning to walk, and just beginning to speak and think. We look back at the past. We are learning how to develop the physical world, so that every quarter of a century now we add as much wealth to the world as existed in the world at the commencement of this century, —at least that is what Mr. Gladstone said in a recent utterance. We may come to a place where we need not use the mighty forces that have been discovered in this century. The other day I read some accounts of Mr. Keeley, the man who for thirty-five years has been laughed at on account of his connection with the celebrated Keeley Motor. Great men, great mechanics, inspected his work and said: "There is no question but that this man has discovered a new force, if we can only learn the application of it." It is on the principle of the

answering tone that comes from the vibration of certain musical instruments. It is a glorious thought to me that the time may not be so far distant when music may be able to do all the world's work.

The advancement in the material and mental sphere is not worthy to be compared with the advancement of the great spiritual forces of our day. We are not creating something here, we are only a part of it. We are simply indications of it, of the great Zeitgeist, of God, the Holy Spirit of God. We are not, except in a very limited sense, to be responsible for it. It will proceed on account of us or in spite of us. O, the wonderful future that is in store for us! I do not wonder that men have believed in the Pentecost in the past, and long for the Pentecost of the future. Great spiritual forces are waiting to be released, nay, are being released, in this our day. Two years ago, at the Mohawk conference on arbitration, Dr. Edward Everett Hale suggested that there should be formed a permanent tribunal for all the civilized nations; that it should be suggested at once, before which should be brought all questions of dispute, as we use the United States Supreme Court now to settle differences between the states. And a venerable judge of the highest court of one of our states, who sat by me, turned with a contemptuous expression and said: "What is the use of talking like children? We are just wasting our time to come and talk about that. The world would despise us. Let us get down to business. You cannot get the people to think of a thing like that, for then they would have to be past progress." And yet inside of two years the distinguished Bar Association of the state of New York had elaborated this same plan, and are urging it upon the attention of the great civilized nations.

It was only recently that one of our political economists was writing a book, in which he said that possibly within ten years a social experiment might be tried. Before the book had passed through the press there were three of the states of the Union trying that experiment. As Doctor Gates, of Iowa, says, "A man will have to keep on the run who wants to keep up with God." Our poets may as well be dumb and our preachers discarded unless they can ring out glad messages of illimitable hope. Even the wars and rumors of wars among the nations is but the prelude to the time when the nations shall learn to make war no more, and we shall beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks. I expect to see with the eyes that look out of this body more of progress than my heart can comprehend. We can even reach forward of the thought of the great apostle when he tells us that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now, made subject to bondage, not willingly, but by reason of hope in Him that subjected it, that the whole creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God; that it groans and travails together, only waiting for the manifestation of the children of love. I wonder if you know that poem called "The Mystic Trumpeter." The poet puts his hand to his ear and listens for the strains that shall speak to him the notes of history, sing to him the story of love, of sorrow, victory, failure, peace, and then he says:

"Now trumpeter, for thy close
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet."
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophesy and joy.

And then he hears the answer:

"O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world—all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health—all joy!
Riotous laughing, bacchanals filled with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering, gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstacy of life!
Enough merely to be! Enough to breathe!
Joy, joy! All over joy!"

"*And now abideth hope.*" Men and women, there never was a century, I had almost said a decade of the world when it would have been possible for even the select number gathered on the platform this morning to have listened to two such addresses as we heard at that time.

Our children can think greater thoughts than the prophets of the past. Our sons and our daughters are prophesying and our old men seeing visions and our young men dreaming dreams. Why, my flesh fairly quivers with hope. The fibers of my soul thrill with its inspiration. *And now abideth hope!*

And love! love! I do not know when Paul wrote his beautiful hymn about love, I do not know that anybody does. I have heard it suggested that there were reasons why he wrote it at the close of his life or near the close, and I hope he did, because I then could understand fully what he meant when he said, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things;" that when he was spiritually young he used to philosophize and speculate but now he had grown up there was only one thing to be desired,—love, love, love.

You know the Harry Wadsworth story, of the man's friends coming home from the funeral and saying: We can build no better monument than to adopt the motto of Harry Wadsworth, and each one to try to get ten others to adopt the same. "Look up, and not down"—that was faith. "Look forward, and not back"—that was hope. "Look out, and not in"—that was love. And as "love was the greatest of these," love had to have two mottoes, this one for love in contemplation, and the other for love in action. "Lend a hand."

Was there ever such a love in contemplation as there is to-day?

A great many years ago, when some of us went to college, we were apt to be taught that self-interest was the first law of life. And when we studied such science as we had, if we were in what were then modern institutions, we were taught that all nature was red with tooth and claw, and only existed by the survival of the fittest. Some political economists exalted selfishness on the same fashion, and taught that war was not only a necessary evil, but a desirable good; the only way people can be made patriotic. Our social economy was not then born; but so far as it did exist, its thesis was, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." And when because these things were too hard for us, some of us went into the sanctuary we were very apt to be told that the chief end of man was to endea-

vor to save his own little soul from the misery that should come upon the multitude of the people rather than to give himself in the spirit of the One who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give himself as a ransom for many."

Now, if these things be true, we may as well die and discover the first law of death. O, what a marvelous change! All of our churches have changed. It is a terrible idea when we get the thought that because we are orthodox we are different from other people. We are not marching in divergent processions. We are all in the same procession, and while some may not have reached the point in the order of march which others have attained, we are all marching, and we are all one; one—that is at the very heart of all true religious philosophy. And all of our churches, by whatever name they may be called, are being touched and thrilled and permeated by this great spirit, until the most orthodox stand up and tell us that the kingdom of God is to be established on this earth by the righteous and loving association of those who love their fellow-men.

I have had interesting conversations with professors. I know many professors of political economy and sociology in our universities, and I do not know of but one—and he is almost dead—who teaches any of the old heresies of the past concerning self-interest. It does not make any difference if they turn a man out of the university, they have to get another one that teaches the philosophy of life that is religious. The whole spirit of the world is filled with it. We have the love in contemplation even now, and we have a large part of it in action. You remember how Carlyle reminds us that three or four hundred years ago the feudal barons had a law of humanity. The first section of the law of these Christian barons was that if they were out hunting and should become chilled, that no lord might kill more than three of his serfs in one day in order to cut them open so as to warm his feet.

That was the law of humanity three hundred years ago. And only a little over a hundred years ago the nobles of the court of France used to amuse themselves by shooting the plumbers and carpenters on the houses, in order to see them roll down into the street. In what a marvelous age we live! We have begun to apply our principles practically to the world. We are beginning to see something of what is meant by a real democracy in our politics. We have come to the place where the most successful banking of earth is founded on the principle of trust and co-operation; it is the great co-operative banking system of Italy and Germany. We have come where the most successful retail business is the great department store, the Bon Marché of Paris, where the ten thousand employees employ themselves. We are beginning to see that it does not pay to distrust men, and whether we will or not, as we march on, we are going to find some sort of a social order coming upon us in which each shall be the savior of every other one in God's great and glorious commonwealth. We are almost there. Every form of evil will surely be put away. Our distilleries, that disfigure so many of our beautiful states, are to be filled with the songs of the children or the busy hum that shall add to the world's wealth and industry. The saloon will go. No man shall be so weak as to yield to the accursed appetite for drink, nor another so hell-inspired as to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips. All sorts of corruption are to end. The corporation is to become a holy co-operation, and the trust is to be indeed a trust, a holy fellowship, of most perfect confidence in man. Unholy speculation is to die. Men and women, freed from all impurity, shall found their homes, from which shall spring a crowning race; the undying race of earth, and those who desired a better country shall find it in a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

"Peace, peace, to come, to be,
If such were certainty
At last, far off, at latest, any while,
What woe were hard to bear?
What sorrow worth one tear?
Murder would soften, dark despair would smile.
Good will; consider this,
What easy, perfect bliss,
If over all the earth the one change spread:—
That hate and fraud would die,
And when in amity,
Let go rapine and wrong and fear and dread?
Till these things come to pass,
Nay, if it be, indeed, alas!
A vision, let us sleep and dream it true;
Or, sane and broad awake,
For its great sound and sake,
Take it and make it earth's, and peace ensue."

Discussion.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN THE CHAIR.

W. L. SHELDON: *Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:*—What I am going to say will perhaps seem like heresy, especially to the speaker before me. I am going to mention two or three beliefs in part lost, and others in part regained.

Now the first of them was the belief acquired in my college days, that progress was natural and inevitable, that society was bound to go ahead; that it was innate in human nature to be progressive. Mr. Chairman, I have lost that belief altogether. I am a "disenchanted egotist,"—to quote the phrase of the one who has just addressed you. At the present time it is not my belief that it is innate in human nature to go ahead. Rather is it my conviction that it is innate in human nature to lag behind, to go asleep and stay asleep, to sleep for generations and centuries.

This may strike you as discouraging, through and through. But I have come to see that the wheels of the wagon of society do not move of themselves; that even God cannot be counted on to make them go. If the wagon of society is to go ahead, it will be because a few men get off and help push from the rear. You will say that this is disenchantment, disillusion, to believe that average human nature is asleep, or that society will not advance unless a few men get off and help make it go. I can only remind you of the possibility that what a few men do at the present time, by and by may be done by every one.

Now comes my second conviction. I was born and brought up a Calvinist, believing that human nature was wicked and full of the old Adam. Then I graduated from that belief; went out into the world, came under the influence of Henry Ward Beecher; and began to think that all human nature was sweet and beautiful, naturally innocent and refined, and that there was no hell. But in part my mind has gone back to some of that old belief.

Now, to-day, not far away from middle life, I return to the old Calvinistical doctrine that human nature is incarnate wickedness: that this wickedness exists not merely in a few of us and not merely in small proportions; but that there is any amount of it in all of us, you and me and every one of us.

Then as to a third conviction. I was educated in an idea that human nature was, so to speak, in the hands of God; that what I did myself was not of much consequence; I was a tool to be saved or destroyed according to Divine Will; my will was a creature of the Supreme Will. I do not look at it in that way now; having come to believe far more in human responsibility. If a man goes to hell he goes exactly where he belongs. To be sure many do not believe in a hell over there. Well, if there is not a hell over there, there is lots of it over here. On the other hand, I have come to the conviction that so far as "over here" is concerned, a man can get out of hell if he will. It is a matter of human will, rather than of Divine Will. *A man can if he will.* By saying "I will," "I will," "I will," it is possible for a man to get out of that old wickedness innate in his character, and to reach the higher plane of life.

PROF. NATHANIEL SCHMIDT — A few years ago I heard a man from one of our largest cities pleading with an audience a good many times larger than this to-day. There were several thousand people there. And as I listened to the man's earnest words, as I saw how deeply concerned he was in the welfare of his fellow-men, how he longed to help them, to lift them, to save them, I fell in love with the man. I have never seen him since until to-day. I have heard he has changed a great deal, changed his theological belief, or what not. As I listened this afternoon to the same earnest tones, as I saw the same features, the same spiritual nature before me, I perceived very little change, and my feelings were certainly no different from what they were then. I have taken time out of my five minutes to say this, but five minutes is ample time to say what remains. Nothing "remains" as we see it. Nothing that our thought fixed upon ever remains when we have taken a moment to shut our eyes. And then, in the second place, all things remain. Now this seems, perhaps, contradictory, and yet it is true. All things change constantly because we change ourselves. All things that really are remain and remain forever. I have not any theological changes to record of my own life. As a little child I learned that there was a divine order in the universe, and I learned that there was a wonderful mystery in this universe. I saw in science what I see to-day; only as I have grown, as I have thought, as I have studied I have naturally seen more things, and although I see to-day only a very small segment of what really is, I feel grateful for what I see. I have been fortunate on some points to change. It never has disturbed me very much. But what change I would record is this. It has been all in the direction of such change as, after all, I discover in my Brother Mills. It has been in the change of a larger faith in God and in man, a larger faith even in average man, poor, dull, eating, drinking, sleeping average man. He is not asleep all the time; it is a slander on him (begging the pardon of Brother Sheldon). He can be waked up, and sometimes he wakes up himself, rubs his eyes, and sees the new world about him. There has been a little change in the direction of hope. I have a great deal more hope; hope that the time may come, irrespective of our little creedal differences, when we shall sit together and look at the great things that are, and all worship together. I hope to see the time when Catholics, Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, Jews, pagans, when all of us shall sit down together before God, and before the great things which God progressively reveals to man everywhere, and worship. I believe also, and I feel grateful for it, and I am a very average man that sometimes sleeps that in myself also there has been a little advancement in that love "which covers a multitude of sins" and a multitude of ignorance, and a multitude of intellectual and moral selfishness.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.—I have been greatly interested and delighted with the afternoon. I have been quite accustomed to listening to Mr. Mills, and have been very much profited, stimulated, and inspired by what I have heard. I had heard that some change had taken place in him, but I hear to-day exactly the same word I heard before. I am very thankful for his testimony. I do not feel quite certain that Brother Sheldon was talking altogether seriously this afternoon. I am not quite inclined to take him seriously. He said he was going to utter some serious heresy here. I thought all the time he was talking that it was the worst kind of orthodoxy. When he says that he does not believe that the wagon moves forward by anything that God does, but that it is the men who get off to push, I wonder who it is who induces men to push; what influence it is that gets possession of them, puts this purpose in their heart of determining to push at the wagon. I have very strong faith that it is "the Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and this is the power that is moving the world. If I did not believe that, I should not have much faith. Faith is the very foundation of everything. It is Mr. Huxley who tells us that the scientific man, before he can begin with his investigations, has to make his great act of faith. All science is founded on faith, faith in the uniformity of life. You cannot prove that law is uniform. We accept that as something we believe. So the very foundation of science is faith in the universal order. I believe that water will run down hill to-morrow as it does to-day. I cannot prove it. It is an act of faith. I will not take your time further. But this subject was before our prayer-meeting not long ago, —"The Things that Remain." What things are there that we have left, that we are sure of, that we can tie to? That was the topic upon which we tried to talk, and after discussing it and trying to get at the foundation facts, I went home and tried to put down in a few words what seemed to me to be the ultimate truths, the ultimate verities, and I put them down in the form of verse, and they ran thus:

"In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am steadily holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;

custom of offering food to spiritual guests—an act of everyday politeness and good-will. Then from the thought that the gods were pleased or displeased with the gifts made or withheld, arose the custom of making conciliatory offerings. The old Germans believed that in cases of famine the first offering should be one of beasts. If that failed, a human sacrifice was demanded, and if ordinary men were found not worthy to propitiate the angry powers, the chieftain must be spared, for the gods must have the best and dearest. This latter thought is illustrated in Tennyson's poem "The Victim," where an offering to Odin is demanded by the priest and the king is left to make the terrible choice between child and wife. Scarcely a religion can be found without traces of human sacrifice. Among the Aztecs the blood of the victim was mingled with meal and the dough was eaten by the worshipers. The Spanish missionaries were struck by the horrible likeness of this ceremony to that of the Eucharist, and attempted to account for it by saying that the Devil was there ahead of them to caricature the sacraments of the church. But in all of these strangely similar rites the thoughtful student discovers not imitation but the yearning of the human towards the divine. The Hebrew Bible is but a part of the same great vascular system of human needs and aspirations.

In the discussion of ways and means of reaching the children, a member of the class cited the case of a little girl who never cared for fairy stories, but wanted to hear true stories about actual *folks*. A mother who had been working, as the new mother is learning to do, on nature stories, suspected she was making a mistake in trying to interest the children in things by personifying them. They were fascinated by tales of the aboriginal Americans. A thought had been growing in the pastor's mind that children are undergoing a change, and that principles of education which were rational fifty or a hundred years ago must be modified to adapt them to growing and changing needs. The fairy story is not so potent in our homes as it once was, but the little ones, like their elders, are concerned about facts, achievements, the telegraph and the trolley. We must recognize that mental conditions are changing with material ones. Even the educated mothers in our mothers' classes are still under the tyranny of thinking that facts, for children, at least, must be sugar-coated with fables. There are almost infinite sources of delightful information accessible for the use of the mother once freed from this delusion, in books of which Brinton's works on primitive man are among the last in an ever-ascending scale. A still richer book of narration is Tylor's "Primitive Culture" or Keary's "Dawn of History," while Sir John Lubbock's works are as full of inspiration as of facts for children as well as for college students. A rich crop of books has been harvested this season, as witnessed by the book reviews in THE NEW UNITY study table—notably several bird books, dealing not with the grotesque birds of fairy tales, but with the real birds of our woods and orchards. Show a fact, and the mind wakes up without the need of grotesque relations to galvanize it into life. Let us work along these lines and take for the corner-stone of our pedagogy the ever-alluring power and sacredness of the eternal Fact.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—All that is high is not holy; nor all that is sweet, good.

MON.—There is no creature so small and abject that it representeth not the goodness of God.

TUES.—He that well and rightly considereth his own works will find little cause to judge hardly of another.

WED.—Without sorrow none liveth in love.

THURS.—Man considereth the deeds, but God weigheth the intentions.

FRI.—The time of temptation is never far away.

SAT.—Let me love thee more than myself, and love myself only for thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

Bob White.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

—*George Cooper.*

The Hospital Baby.

Agnes lived across the street from the city hospital; there was nothing very strange in that; many other little girls have lived near hospitals. But one day Agnes was watching the rain make little rivers along the front walk, when the curtains in a window across the way were tossed aside and two great solemn blue eyes looked straight into her own. After a moment's serious gazing two little hands fluttered toward Agnes and a smile dimpled the round, chubby face.

"O mamma," cried Agnes, "come and *see*; there is a baby at the hospital." Mamma came and looked out of the window.

"It must be the little orphan of whom the matron told me. They are to keep him there until a home can be found for him," said mamma. Agnes watched until the curtains closed over the bright head once more, and then she ran out to see if the rain was really over.

"It is just a spring shower," mamma had said, encouragingly. "The grass will be dry this afternoon, and you can play under the apple tree."

When the sun had shone for an hour after dinner Agnes bent intently above her row of precise little mud pies. She was just patting them into neat brown heaps when she was startled by a queer scraping noise. Turning quickly she stood staring in amazement, and then she sat down upon the grass and laughed. Standing by the bench beneath the apple tree, throwing his small strength into vigorously stirring the sand in the pan, was the hospital baby. When Agnes laughed he paused, with the iron spoon uplifted, and after a moment of uncer-

tainty he gathered his little "Greenaway" skirt in his hands and trotted across to Agnes; bending down he looked into her face and laughed as much as he could without tumbling over.

"O, you sweet baby!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Sweet baby," echoed the runaway.

Ponto appeared around the corner at this moment, and away scampered the baby, like a little pink butterfly, after him. Soon the hospital door opened, and the matron scanned the street with anxious face.

"O, *there* you are, Master Trot! Well, this *is* a state of affairs! So you have gone visiting!" Trot ran and buried his face in Agnes's apron, roaring lustily.

"O, please may he not stay?" asked Agnes.

"Not stay," repeated Trot.

"But you ran away, sir!" So he had to go back, and being a cheerful-tempered boy, he was soon looking out of the window at the row of mud pies. Agnes, being an only child, was glad to have him for a visitor and playmate many afternoons after that.

The summer was almost gone when one night mamma came to bid Agnes good-night, and tuck her under the soft white covers of her little bed.

"My little girl must go to sleep now, for in the morning I have something for you to do." Agnes looked up with inquiring eyes.

"This afternoon's report at the Relief Union provides three homes for friendless children," she continued, "and in the morning you may go to the board of managers yourself, and tell them about little Trot." Agnes sat up, very wide-awake and startled.

"O, mamma," she cried, "will they take him away?"

"Yes, dear, to a nice home where he will be cared for all his life." Agnes buried her face in her pillow.

"O, mamma," she wept, "do n't let us tell them about him; I do n't want Trot to go away." Mamma sat down and took Agnes's hand in her own.

"You do not think, dear, what it all means to him. He will have some one to love him, and as he grows up he can go to school, and his life will be very different, my child, for the interest of some good friend."

"But, mamma, *I* love him," said Agnes.

"Are you very sure?" asked her mother, softly.

"*Sure?*" echoed Agnes. "Why, yes, of course."

"Real love is unselfish, Agnes; always remember that the deepest love in the world desires only the best good of those who are dear to us."

Agnes lay for a long time looking out into the dark, and thinking how lonely she would be with little Trot's glad face *gone*, and then she thought of her own nice home; how much nicer the cozy, bright rooms were than the cold, bare walls of the hospital. She remembered how glad she always felt to know she did not have to stay there when she had sometimes taken Trot back to the nurse, and Trot had no mamma to come and put him to bed and to plan nice things for him. O, yes, she knew now that she loved Trot more than her own selfish joy in having him near, and to-morrow she would go and ask for a home for him.

Agnes set off on her errand the next day with a heavy heart, but she pressed her lips together in a firm line, and bravely presented Trot's name to the Relief Union. She could not see her way home very well through the tears that would come, but all traces of them were wiped away when she ran through the house to find mamma, who was putting the last touches to the dining table before announcing dinner. Agnes stopped in the middle of a sentence to stare at the sight before her. There was Trot, resplendent in a white dress with pink ribbons sitting in a bright, new high chair, which was drawn up to the table.

"Why, mamma, what—where is Trot going?" she stammered, filled with the dread that he was to leave them at once.

"He is not going anywhere," smiled mamma; "he has *come*. Agnes, do you want him to share your nice home and be your little brother?"

Then Agnes knew that her trial had been a lesson in unselfishness and that Trot was still all her own. With a heart too full for words she ran to her mother and hid her face against her breast.

"And now, Master Trot, you have a good little sister," said mamma, "and you must love her very much."

"Love her much," said Trot, pounding upon his plate with his spoon to give due emphasis to the depth of his affection.—*S. S. Advocate.*

Reading in Our Schools.

Our schools are too much given over to the acquisition of knowledge. What they need is to recognize the power which lies in enlightenment. In the susceptible period of youth we must introduce through the medium of literature the light which will give the eye the precious power of seeing. But look at the apparatus now in use. Look at the reading-books which are given to children in the mechanical system of grading. What do these books teach the child of reading? They supply him with the power to read print at sight; to pronounce accurately the several words that meet the eye, and to know the time value of the several marks of punctuation; but they no more make readers of children than an accordeon supplies one with the power to appreciate and enjoy a sonata of Beethoven. *Horace E. Scudder.*

Children as Street Cleaners.

That is a splendid work which has been started in Boston: the formation of a number of the school-children into a Juvenile Street-Cleaning Brigade. Every member is pledged to pick up stray pieces of paper which he may see on the street, and deposit them in receptacles provided by the city at convenient points. In New York a similar system of voluntary street-cleaning has been organized among the children. In Philadelphia a Civic League, composed of children, has been formed. The children cannot have a better lesson enforced upon them than that of cleaning and helping to keep clean the streets. If they are taught to have a regard for the appearance of the street the lesson will easily extend to the rooms in which they live. The smallest of our communities should take up this idea: the formation of clubs and brigades among the children to keep the streets and highways clean. It is one of the easiest things to do, and one of the most profitable. But the elders must lead the way.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—Jane Addams occupied the pulpit of the People's Church with Dr. Thomas last Sunday, speaking of Tolstoi's social theories. Dr. Thomas, as the Monday papers show, has made public the conviction which many of us have long held privately that Miss Addams belonged to the ministry, and that the public recognition of that fact might widen the scope of her influence and increase somewhat the potency of the ministry which already exists. However this may be. Miss Addams already belongs to the ministry. She is a missionary of religion, an advocate of the spirit with the spirits of men. If in any way this fact could be made more clear and potent how rejoiced we would be to welcome her into the open fraternity of those who would work for religion unrimmed by creed or sectarian name. . . . The acceptance of F. C. Southworth, of Duluth, of the call to the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago is announced. He is to preach his opening sermon December 19th. Meanwhile the new church will be pushed to completion. Next week we hope to be able to report the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, which will probably take place on Saturday, the 6th. . . . Rev. J. J. Lewis, assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, who has been giving his lectures on the "Passion Play" to successive audiences in that church, and whose lectures have won for him a national reputation, is to give a course of four lectures at All Souls Church: the first two on "The Passion Play" to be given on Friday, November 5th and 12th; a second two on "Our Canadian Cousins" and "In Old New England," on December 3d and January 7th. These lectures of Mr. Lewis are illustrated by the latest outfit of stereopticon and slides. Course tickets, $1; single admissions, 50 cents. It is a rare chance for those in the vicinity of All Souls Church to hear and to see.

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. Editorial space prevented the announcement in our last issue of the meeting of this organization which is in session this week. L. W. Sprague, of Grand Rapids preaches the opening sermon. On Wednesday night after business, Mr. Bulkley of Battle Creek will read a paper on "Manhood in the Pulpit;" Mr. Sunderland on "Liberal Religion in India;" Mrs. Robert Davis of New York on "Woman's Work in the Church." Thursday evening the "Modern Church" is to be considered by the Rev. T. E. Byrnes, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane and Rev. Robert Collier. Friday will be Sunday School and Club Day, Mr. Gould, Mr. Sprague, Mr. Jennings and Rev. Lee McAllister being on the programme.

Books Received.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.—G. P. Putnam's Sons. $0.75.

THE THEOLOGY OF AN EVOLUTIONIST.—By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY: A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE EPHESIANS AND TO THE COLOSSIANS.—By Rev. T. K. Abbott, B. D. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A GIRL'S ORDEAL.—By Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. Henry T. Coates & Co.

IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.—By Dennis Hird. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

FREE TO SERVE; A TALE OF COLONIAL NEW YORK.—By E. Rayner. Copeland & Day. $1.25.

ASTORIA, OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.00.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.—By Alexander V. G. Allen, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THROUGH THE INVISIBLE; A MYSTIC TALE.—By Paul Tyner. Continental Publishing Co. $0.75.

KINDLY LIGHT IN PRAYER AND PRAISE.—Pastor Quiet. Swendenborg Publishing Co.

MURILLO'S SLAVE, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Helen Hinsdale Rich. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

SINGING VERSES FOR CHILDREN.—Words by Lydia Avery Cornley, Pictures by Alice Kellogg Tyler, Music by Eleanor Smith, Jessie L. Gaynor, Frederick W. Root, Frank H. Atkinson Jr. The Macmillan Co.

THE COMING PEOPLE.—By Charles F. Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.00.

SELF-CULTIVATION IN ENGLISH.—By George H. Palmer. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $0.35.

THE IAN MACLAREN CALENDAR, 1898.—Dodd, Mead & Co.

Old and New.

Mr. Hall Caine, it is said, spent three years in writing his latest book, "The Christian." At first he made notes, and Major Pond says these notes filled six barrels. The complete book was written three times. The *Critic* reproduces one of these notes, whose bewildering expurgations and interlineations show the infinite pains he must have expended upon it.—*The Advance.*

Sir Edwin Arnold, writing upon the sixty years' reign of Queen Victoria, recalls going to the coronation with his nurse, and seeing a singular novelty peddled on the street. This was the lucifer match, sold at a half-penny each, which, being lighted, caused "intense amazement to the passers-by. No less marked would be the astonishment of the children of to-day at the use of the flint or tinder-box prevalent in Arnold's childhood. The years between have seen more marvelous inventions, perhaps, but nothing of more practical value of mankind than the unharnessing of "that creature comfort, fire," by the introduction of the lucifer match.—*Exchange.*

A Peculiar Incident.

At Woman's Meeting.

An incident occurred at the W. C. T. U. State convention at Cortland, New York, early in October, that marks an era of progress, and is interesting, inasmuch as it indicates the trend of thought of the present day. It was proposed that Postum Cereal Coffee be served at meals for delegates, in place of ordinary coffee. Some of the ladies stated that they had tried Postum once and did not fancy it. However, it was served at the first general meal and the ladies were very emphatic in their terms of approval. Some one thereupon put the the question, whether the convention be served with ordinary coffee or with Postum, and the vote was for Postum without one dissenting voice. The ladies flocked about the cook to ascertain how to make such a delicious beverage on which many of them had failed in their first attempts. The answer was simple; boil 15 minutes after boiling commences, while for church suppers, conventions, etc., enclose the product in two cheese-cloth bags in coffee-boiler, and boil one hour. The famous Postum Coffee thus made furnishes a hot beverage full of nourishment for nerves and brain and delicious to the taste. People are slowly awakening to the fact that the daily drugging with narcotics in the shape of coffee and tobacco accounts for the many ills of head, nerves, heart, and stomach. The action of the New York state convention indicates their intelligence on the subject in hand.

Beware of harmful substitutes and adulterated coffee sold for Cereal Coffee under same fetching name. Genuine packages have red seals thereon and the words "It makes red blood."

THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Several hundred million dollars are annually expended in the support of a sentimental, artificial standard of excellence, having no connection with any question of ethics, its doctrines being mere adaptations to a pretended phenomenon that never occurred. This condition is continued only through the enormous power of widely extended inherited ideas, and (in decreasing numbers and degrees) inherited monomania originating in late three centuries of a doctrinal reign of terror. It is a study of human nature and in that neglected field—in the Safe Side—the underlying motives of much that actuated Paul and the gospel writers are clearly traced: those relating to John the Baptist; the origin of the Fourth Gospel; the Teachings of Christ; and Inertia of Ideas—are of especial interest. The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12mo. Price $1.20 delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks. May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

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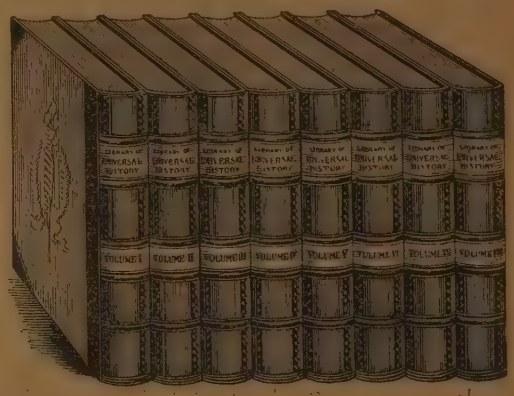

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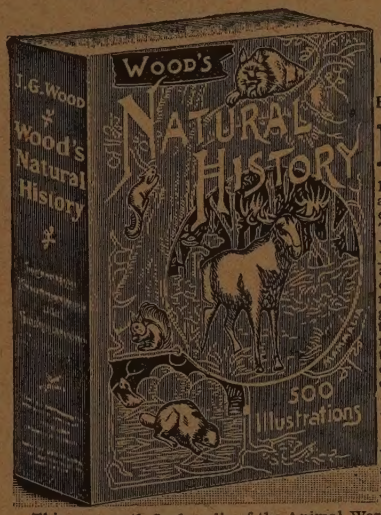

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